

<p>...</p> <p>Cap. How? Will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?</p> <p>Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blest, Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?</p> <p>...</p> <p>Cap. . . . fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next</p> <p>To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church, Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.</p> <p>Out, you green-sickness carrion I out, you baggage!</p> <p>You tallow-face!</p> <p>Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees, Hear me with patience but to speak a word.</p> <p>Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!</p> <p>I tell thee what- get thee to church a Thursday Or never after look me in the face.</p> <p>...</p> <p>My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest That God had lent us but this only child; But now I see this one is one too much, And that we have a curse in having her.</p> <p>...</p> <p>Cap. God's bread I it makes me mad. . . An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend; An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets, For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,</p> <p>...</p> <p>Juliet: O . . . , cast me not away!</p>	<p>What? Doesn't she appreciate the match I've made for her? She counts herself above my opinion? Does she think she's too good for the match I've chosen?</p> <p>You get yourself to that church on time, or so help me, I'll drag your sorry self there.</p> <p>Get OUT! You despicable girl, you trash, OUT!</p> <p>Dad, please (crying). Just listen to me.</p> <p>Shut up, you stupid, worthless tramp. You'll do what I say or I'll disown you.</p> <p>I thought I was blessed to have a child, but now I see I was cursed.</p> <p>I'm so mad, I could beat you. You're my daughter and you'll do what I say. If not, I don't care if you starve or die in the streets—you will no longer be my daughter.</p> <p>Dad, dad, please listen to me!</p>
<p>Act V.iii</p> <p>Prince. (voice only)</p>	<p>Fade to black and fade in super: "Child Abuse is always a tragedy."</p>

. . . All are punish'd.	
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Fade into Public Service Narrative.

Setting: Church or graveyard. Narrator walks toward camera.

Narrator: Each year, an estimated 60,000 children are victims of emotional child abuse (“Child Maltreatment . . .”). Child abuse isn’t limited to bruises and broken bones. Words are weapons, too. Studies show that verbal or nonverbal abuse can be much more emotionally damaging than physical abuse (“Domestic Violence . . .”). Children victims of emotional child abuse are more likely to become violent, commit crimes, and, tragically, commit suicide (“Domestic Violence . . .”).

[Cut to scene of narrator and parent]

Narrator: Stress is often the cause behind a parent’s negative words (“Domestic Violence . . .”).

[Cut to modern scene of a teenager misbehaving.]

Teen: Here’s my report card. I’m failing two of my classes.

Parent: (zoom in on face—freeze on the moment of possible response. Super text or voice over verbal insults: Failure, disappointment, lazy, incompetent, ...

Narrator: Stop—put those weapons away. (unfreeze clip) Don’t let stress and anger take the place of love. Show care, not anger. Work for a good outcome (

Parent with acceptable response: I’m sorry to hear about your poor grades. My expectations for you are higher. (Put arm around child) Let’s see what we can change to make sure your expectations are higher too.

Fade to black.

Works Cited

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